The Omega In The Dark

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The Omega In The Dark

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

One night in winter, omega Will, who has killed his drunk father in order to avoid misery and being forcibly married,, sneaks into the house of Hannibal Lecter who catches him feasting on his food after he finishes butchering his latest victim.

Notes

Hello everyone,

I know that I do test your patience a lot, but here's another one-shot that I could finally bring to an end after months and hope you enjoy it.

Will is of age in this fic.

As always, be polite and respectful when you comment. Please don't repost this fic.

Thank you.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will rubbed his arms and pulled his thin, checkered scarf closer around his throat as he sneaked through a rather quiet upper-class residential area in Baltimore, his eyes ever searching for signs of unwanted followers, attentive dogs, or cops, as well as the dark of the night allowed it.His exhaled breaths turned into clouds of vapor. The cold stung in his limbs like needles and his teeth chattered. Cascades of snowflakes whirled around the omega and created new layers of snow. Everyone was inside, most were either asleep or otherwise occupied.

The omega knew the risk of being recognised or meeting a bonded couple. Yet he needed to take the risk to find a place to stay very soon or he would freeze or be caught and arrested, anyway. It had been some days since he had abandoned his dead father's home, and Will didn't know how long his luck would last. All he knew was he didn't want to be caught for the crime, shamed for his second gender, or up being sold to an omega house.Hell,even if he became a private slut for a rich alpha, it would be acceptable. That was still a better fate than being institutionalized.

He pushed through the dense bush into another large garden, the twigs brushing against his face and leaving a light, bloody scratch on his left cheek. In the garden stood white marble statues covered with snow. They probably depicted some kind of heroes or gods from Greek mythology but Will didn't care right now. What piqued his interest was the balcony door, which had probably opened because of the wind. His heartbeat accelerated for a moment. What would await him there? He had no idea. All he knew is the sharp, piercing pain of the cold in his body.Will stepped towards the balcony door and gently pushed it open.

Once he was inside, he didn't close it fully so as to not block his only way of escape. He had to repress a whine of relief as he got inside, the cruel wind stopped blowing and the warmth of the room slowly took away the cold. The omega took some steps away from the open door to avoid the cold breeze, then sniffed the air. He perceived the pheromones of an alpha but no beta or omega.An unmated alpha, probably. This was a good and promising start.

The omega began to get his bearings in the dark. From what he could discern in the gloomy darkness, it seemed that he had just entered the dining room. A long table stood in the middle, made of fine, massive wood. The chairs were neatly arranged and there was no clutter. Walking along the table and touching the smooth, polished surface, Will noticed the deer skulls and roses and suppressed a shudder. What an odd decoration to choose. He got even more curious now.

His keen eyes moved to the walls on the left and right. There was an odd painting hanging over the marble fireplace.. One had a swan making love to a woman on it. Another mythology reference. Will touched it and snorted.

What the hell.

On the three shelves mounted on the left wall stood various pots with herbs. Will approached them, plucked leaves of basil, and chewed on them.

The taste of the herbs had something calming. He lingered in the room to touch the surfaces and spread his pheromones. When his stomach made another grumble, urging him to look for really edible stuff, he moved on, approaching the wooden door. He pushed it open, it didn't creak to his relief, and he entered another hallway with a staircase leading up to the first and second floor of the home on the left side. To his right, the corridor continued and took a turn around the corner.

Just as in the dining room, different paintings graced the walls in this hallway. There even stood a tall samurai statue with a sharp sword. He lingered again to touch and scent it, careful, not to knock the statue down. The blade of the Samurai was sharp and he had to suppress a hiss as he cut himself. He licked off the drops of blood until the bleeding subsided. Briefly, Will wondered how much it had cost.

Reminded by the ache in his stomach, Will tore himself away and gazed at the staircase, then to the corridor, wondering wich way to take. The house itself was astonishingly labyrinthine on the inside..Will got reminded of the castle in Beauty and the Beast. So it was a rich bachelor alpha, probably a passionate cook with very peculiar old-fashioned taste, the omega deduced on his way through the house. A meticulous and dominant personality, probably. He could arrange to live with that. It was a challenge, no question, but so far he had survived many hardships, mainly his father, in his life.

Will deduced that the kitchen must be on the same level and near the dining room so he turned around the corner. The omega followed his instincts and choose the first room on the right. It proved to be the right decision.When he opened the door at the end and sneaked in, he found himself in a tall kitchen with a stainless kitchen island in the middle.

His attention immediately wandered to the big silver fridges. His stomach produced another pleading noise, so he immediately hurried towards the first near him, grabbed the handle and pulled it open, and assessed the content. This fridge contained different types of expensive cheese as well as neatly packaged organs and sausages. Will eyed them with curiosity and swallowed when he recognized that the heart looked very similar to a human one.

Better leave these organs alone.

Will sneaked to the other fridge, opened the door, and checked the content with hungry eyes. This fridge contained boxes with neatly-labeled writing, probably precooked meals, a jug of orange juice, glass bottles with milk, as well as some tiny boxes with olives, sun-dried tomatoes, and peppers from a delicatessen store. Will thought of warming one of the meals but it would probably make some noise. Also, he didn't want to rob the alpha of his dearly cooked meals. Cold snacks would have to do.

Deciding not to waste more time, he grabbed the tiny glass boxes with olives, peppers, and feta cheese and placed them on the kitchen island. Next, he retrieved the jug with orange juice and placed it there, too.

The omega looked back and forth. He had meat cravings, too. Fuck it. He would have one of the smoked sausages. Will sneaked back to the previous fridge, opened it again, and stole a big chunk of what seemed to be provolone cheese and a plastic package containing said sausages. Even though the meat seemed to be of dubious origin, he still wanted to try.

Will searched the shelves in the kitchen for plates as well as forks, knives, and a glass for the orange juice. He also found a loaf of homemade sourdough bread and cut off some rather big slices with a kitchen knife as he didn't want to turn on the broad-cutting machine. Will returned to the kitchen island. quickly opened the boxed and assembled the food on this shiny, polished plate.

Having lowered his guard, Will emitted quiet moans of pleasure and smacking noises as he devoured the food. He especially enjoyed the taste of the dubious sausages.

In the hidden basement of his home, Hannibal had butchered and dismembered his latest prey, cleaned the mess, and destroyed every single bit of potential evidence. Tonight's rude pig had been Andrew Caldwell, a homophobic medical expert, who had taken his blood sample a few years ago and dared to make a homophobic remark in his home.

After ensuring he hadn't forgotten anything, the alpha locked the cellar with a code on the number pad. The massive door was locked with a small beep. He walked up to the stairs with the coolbox. At the second step he stopped. He sensed something was amiss and Hannibal's instincts were rarely wrong. He felt the presence of a stranger in his house.

Someone had dared to invade his home. The home of the Chesapeake Ripper, the most notorious serial killer in Baltimore.

Whoever it was, they wouldn't get far, as far as he was concerned. If it was an FBI agent or policeman, he would take care of it.

He placed down the cool box with a controlled and careful movement. The predator instincts set in. His pupils dilated, and the muscles in his arms, chest, and legs began to swell. The fabric of his pullover began to tear at the seams. Hannibal's eyes gained a deep, crimson glint. A low growl rolled from his throat when he perceived strange noises coming from the ground floor.

By using breathing techniques, Hannibal managed to contain his alpha instincts. He needed to be in full control. Luckily, he had put on scent suppressants before heading out for his kill. The muscles stopped swelling and the abating rush of hormones slowly cleared his head. Once he had reached the desired level of calmness, Hannibal sneaked up as quietly and smoothly as he could, following the sweet scent of the intruder. In the darkness, he moved like a shark in the water as he knew every corner and every spot in this house. The soft, rustling noises and clangor helped him to locate the stranger.

It wasn't hard to deduce what the intruder did. They were either scouting the kitchen for hidden money, his kitchenware or simply indulging in his meals. Either way, it was terribly rude and there was an identity to protect. He sniffed the air and listened more attentively.The fragrance, which reminded him of berries and pine, clearly didn't belong to an alpha. Hannibal guessed the intruder would be an omega or a beta wearing a persistent and dominant perfume but the idea didn't hold up to scrutiny. No one would do that when trying to steal valuables or money.

As he moved through the last corridor, the moaning and smacking grew louder. Standing only one or two meters away from the kitchen door, Hannibal listened intently to the suspected omega feasting on his precious supplies. Usually, it was recommended to leave hungry omegas alone as they could be unpredictable but Hannibal was more than capable of handling this situation.

A self-satisfied smirk appeared on his lips. His inner alpha was proud to provide, even if the omega's behavior was terribly rude. He had to suppress a violent growl erupting from his throat to not scare the omega away.

Hannibal opened the door and turned on the light, catching the omega by complete surprise

The very moment he stepped into the spacious kitchen, Hannibal wanted to say something smart but the sight of the curly-haired omega staring at him with irresistible, widened cerulean eyes while munching one of his sausages stunned him. A lovely, rosy flush lay on his cheeks.

"Hello, my boy," Hannibal purred and stepped forward with calm, composed steps.

The knife and fork dropped from the omega's fingers and landed with a loud clangor to the floor. Hannibal noticed a change in the omega's scent first. It gained the acerbic note of foul eggs. Fear. He moved and picked up the cutlery to get closer but the omega took a defensive body posture.His blue eyes flickered across the room yet Hannibal stood in front of the only exit. He could have lunged and subdued him instantly, but Hannibal chose not to. The omega let out feeble whines and backed away into the nearest corner, constantly assessing Hannibal with his anxious gaze.

"Easy there. I don't want to hurt you," he reassured him.

The omega didn't answer yet and kept standing there, calculating and wary. Judging by the demeanor of the omega, Hannibal realized that this omega must have been running for a while. He showed the tell-tale signs of an omega in an emergency situation. The flamboyant red jacket and his beige trousers had holes and looked worn.His lovely flushed cheeks showed some light scratches and the rosy lips looked dry.

"Do you have a name?" Hannibal asked in a placating, warm voice, attempting his best to gain the omega's trust and calm him. He placed the used cutlery back into the sink and fetched another pair, then shoved the plate back to the omega and poured him another glass of orange juice.

Not wanting to shy away from Will any further, Hannibal then moved through the part of the kitchen that he occupied to clean up the trail of crumbs. tiny pieces of sausage and cheese that had dropped on the ground.

"W…Will Graham," the omega finally said. He held the plate with his unfinished meal in his left hand and resumed eating what was left on his plate. "Your food is very delicious. I'm sorry for the mess…I was very hungry." His flushed cheeks reddened further and he bit on is lips in embarrassment. Hearing the praise, hints of a proud look appeared on Hannibal's face.

Alphas always liked to be praised by omegas. Hannibal discarded the crumbs and pieces of plastic and then turned to face Will again.

“I am glad you like my food. It’s nice to make your acquaintance, Will. I am Hannibal, by the way,” Hannibal's eyes rested on the opened glass boxes, cheeses, and the package of the smoked sausages before finding Will’s again. “Do you want some more? I could give you one of my precooked meals if you are still hungry.”

Will eyed him with awe and something like relief. The omegas shook his head and reached for the glass of orange juice on the steel application and downed it with two gulps. He licked away the juice from his luscious lips and placed it back.

“No, it’s fine, You don’t need to,” the omega answered and granted Hannibal a gentle, timid smile.“But why….why are you so nice to me? I was expecting you to subdue me the minute you entered this kitchen.”

“I do find discourtesy unspeakably rude,” Hannibal admitted and chuckled. He took away the provolone cheese and the rest of the smoked sausage to store them back in their right place.

“Do you intend to punish me then for this rudeness?”

Hannibal shut the fridge and turned to face the omega, leaning on the kitchen island for a moment. He looked at Wil with a slight questioning expression in his eyes.

“No. Why would I do such a thing? You are an omega in need and as an alpha, it is my duty to help omegas not scare them off or enslave them.” He wrinkled his nose in disgust.

Will furrowed his eyebrows as he processed this information. Feeling more at ease, Will abandoned his corner of the room, grabbed the dishes, and walked over to the section with the sink behind the kitchen island to wash them. Hannibal appreciated the dutiful gesture with a fond smile.

“Leave it there, I will take care of it.”

“Oh…thanks,” Will murmured, blushing again.

What a wonderful shy thing.

Hannibal felt affection for this omega that he hadn’t anticipated. He felt it was now the time to close the distance between them and strutted slowly to the sink with a soft, affectionate look on his face. To his satisfaction, the omega seemed to have shaken off the initial wariness. Will didn’t back away when he stood close to him.The alpha washed the dirty dishes casually and felt Will’s curious, nagging eyes on him all the time.

“I can almost hear you think,” Hannibal remarked, casting an amused sideways glance at Will.

“What is on your mind?”

“Yeah, I do have something to ask you,” Will replied, his gaze flickering over his toned and veiny arms. “Do you know why I am here?”

Hannibal dried his hands, folded the towel, and put it aside. He could not help himself but touch the boy. A gasp escaped Will as the alpha rested his hand on his cheeks which were still cool. Will didn’t flinch and even pressed his cheeks against his hand.

“When an unmated omega enters and scents the domain of an unbonded alpha, the alpha is usually selected as a mate by the omega.The alpha is also obliged to cater to the omega’s needs and take him in.”

Will emitted a loud purr, and batted his eyelashes, which made Hannibal’s stomach flutter.

“And the omega can’t leave if the alpha accepts his decision and wants him,” he completed for him.

Hannibal nodded. “This makes me wonder if you know what you’re getting yourself into,” he said and kept on stroking Will’s cheeks. “You don’t know me and what I’m capable of.” His maroon eyes gained a devilish, dark glint.

The younger omega returned his devious smile, then pressed himself against Hannibal’s chest, making Hannibal withdraw his hand. He rubbed his scent on his sweater before he raised his ocean-blue eyes back at the alpha’s hungry ones.

He raised his filigrane hand to stroke Hannibal’s cheeks. “I knew that you have some kind of dark, mysterious vibes to you when I assessed your dining room. You live like you’re a damn villain in one of those gothic fairytales.”. Hannibal tried to keep his face impassive but the corners of his lips betrayed his amusement. Something important was coming out of his mouth, something crucial that made him decide if this omega was worth it or not.

“And I guessed that these organs in your fridge there are not exclusively harvested from animals.”

“Does that bother you?” Hannibal asked in his raspy, husky voice. This was now the hardest test. He was so bewitched by Will’s charm and looks that he wasn’t even sure if he could actually kill him.

The omega licked the corners of his lips. To Hannibal’s pleasure, he discerned a short wild, murderous gleam in his eyes.

“The sausages were delicious,” Will said. “I don’t care what or who was in them. I guess there is a lot that I don’t know. There will be a lot of revelations. But there is something dangerous about me, too.”

Hannibal’s breath hitched.

Could this be? Could Will be his true mate ?

“And what would that be?” Arousal washed over him. The front of his pants became unbearably tight and the primal urge to fuck and claim Will intensified the longer they

lingered in this position..

Grinning and baring his tiny, sharp omega fangs, Will straightened his body and stood on his toes to get closer to these dangerous, thin lips. He wrapped his arms around Hannibal's shoulders and rubbed his lower body against the alpha's groin.

"I killed my dad," he admitted and stroked Hannibal's shoulders. "Then I ran away. I decided that I didn't want to be sold to omega whorehourses like a piece of meat. I wanted to choose an alpha for myself. Someone strong enough to protect me." His lips hovered over Hannibal's but they didn't touch. He felt his hot breath on his face." You are the perfect alpha. Please take me as your mate.I accept you."

Hannibal's mask dropped. Primal desire and hunger appeared on his face. He wouldn't be able to restrain his primal instincts for long.

"You have been warned. I will claim you then. You are mine. ," he growled. He pressed his lips on Will's and pressed his body closer to him, squeezing his ass cheeks. The omega moaned against his mouth and reached for Hannibal's ass, too. His jacked and scarf dropped to the floor. Their kisses and groping grew more feverish and feral with every fleeting second. They nibbled at each other's jaws and earlobes and pulled at their hair. Hannibal's eyes had gained a shiny, angry red again. His hair, usually combed back, was now disheveled by Will's pulling and ruffling. They both emitted melodic whines and growls.

"Alpha...I need you…please…," Will pleaded and bared his tempting neck. The smell of Will's sweet slick in his underwear made Hannibal realize they couldn't stay here in the kitchen. He didn't want to take and claim Will on the counter. A yelp escaped Will as Hannibal lifted him off his feet and carried him bridal style through the house to make a claim on this beautiful, cunning omega.

End Notes

Note:

Obviously, the creative energy for the smut ran out so I decided to make a cut. If I had waited for the horny/ creative energy to come back you would have waited months or even years 😅 Therefore I leave the ending to your imagination and hope you enjoyed reading this oneshot nonetheless.

Thanks for reading <3

Nerd

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!